Enter the Queene and the Lord Riuers.

Riuers. Tell me good Madam, Why is your Grace so
passionate of late?
Queene. Why brother *Riuers*, heare you not the newes
Of that succesſe king *Edward* had of late?
Riu. What? losſe of some pitcht battaile against *Warwicke*?
Tuſh, feare not faire Queene, but caſt thoſe cares aside,
King *Edwards* noble minde, his honours doth diſplay:
And *Warwicke* may loſe, though then he got the day.
Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:
But greater troubles will (I feare) befall.
Riu. What? is he taken priſoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall perſon then?
Queen. I, ther's my griefe; King *Edward* is ſurpriſde,
And led away, as priſon vnto *Yorke*.
Riu. The newes is pesſing ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe:
Yet comfort your ſelfe, for *Edward* hath more friends,
Then *Lancaſter* at this time muſt perceiue;
That ſome will ſet him in his throne againe.
Queen. God graunt they may: but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,
Vntill I come vnto the ſanctuarie,
There to preſerue the fruite within my wombe,
King *Edwards* ſeed, true heire to *Englands* crowne. *Exit.*

Enter Edward and Richard, and Haſtinges with a troope of Hollanders.

Ed. Thus farre from *Belgia* haue we paſt the ſeas,
And marcht from *Rounſpur* hauen vnto *Yorke*:
But ſoft, the Gates are ſhut; I like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the Drumme, and call them to the walles.

Enter the Lord Maior of Yorke vpon the Walles.

Maior. My Lordes, we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cauſe we ſtand vpon our garde,
And ſhut the Gates, for to preſerue the Towne:
Henrie now is King, and we are ſworne to him.

Ed.

Ed. Why my Lord Maior, if *Henrie* be your King,
Edward I am ſure at leaſt, is Duke of *Yorke*?
Maior. Trueth my Lord, we know you for no leſſe.
Ed. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.
Rich. But when the Foxe hath gotten in his head,
Heele quickly make the body follow after.
Haſt. Why my Lord Maior, what ſtand you vpon points?
Open the Gates, we are king Henries friendes.
Maior. Say you ſo, then Ile open them preſently.
Exit Maior.
Ric. By my faith a wiſe ſtout Captaine, & ſoone perſwaded.

The Maior opens the doore, and bringes the Keyes in his hand.

Ed. So my Lord Maior, theſe Gates muſt not be ſhut,
But in the time of Warre: Giue me the keyes.
What, feare not man; for *Edward* will defend the towne
and you, deſpight of all your foes.

Enter ſir Iohn Mountgommery with Drumme and Souldiers.

How now *Richard*, Who is this?
Rich. Brother, this is Sir Iohn *Mountgommery*,
A truſtie friend, vnleſſe I be deceiude.
Ed. Welcome *Sir Iohn*, Wherefore come you in armes?
Sir Iohn. To helpe king *Edward* in this time of ſtormes,
As euery loyall ſubiect ought to doe.
Ed. Thankes braue *Mountgommery*,
But I onely claime my Dukedome,
Vntill it pleaſe God to ſend thee reſt.
Sir Iohn. Then fare you well. Drum ſtrike vp and let vs
March away: I came to ſerue a King and not a Duke.
Ed. Nay ſtay *Sir Iohn*, and let vs firſt debate,
With what ſecuritie we may doe this thing.
Sir Iohn. What ſtand you on debating: to be briefe,
Except you preſently proclaime your ſelfe our King,
Ile hence againe, & keepe them backe that come to ſuccour
you: why ſhould we fight, when you pretende no title?